

10/20 Scenelet

By

Ensemble

Scene I

*Henry and his wife en route to the car after the funeral of their son.*

HENRY:

Here I go with my boots on in the snow and a field too crisp to march on. Here I am just doing what I can and I see no path to tread on.

WIFE:

Why'd you stop?

HENRY:

I don't know why I should stay and he should go. And there's no logic left to rely on.

WIFE:

Henry...? It's time to go.

HENRY:

Why should it be? It was him, it wasn't me. (to his wife) No father should bury his son.

WIFE:

I love you. Let's go home?

HENRY:

I love you too, I just don't know what to do.

*They exit.*